UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

God Versus Public Opinion

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Imperialism

By RICHARD CLAUGHTON

The Indian Situation in a Nutshell

By J. T. SUNDERLAND

Echoes

By ZONA GALE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXV THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1920 NUMBER 22

DEATH.

I am the key that parts the gates of Fame;
I am the cloak that covers cowering Shame;
I am the final goal of every race;
I am the storm-tossed spirit's resting-place.

The messenger of sure and swift relief,
Welcomed with wailings and reproachful grief,
The friend of those that have no friend but me,
I break all chains, and set all captives free.

I am the cloud that, when Earth's day is done,
An instant veils an unextinguished sun;
I am the brooding hush that follows strife,
The waking from a dream that Man calls—Life!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

Events are again moving so fast in Europe that it is hazardous attempting comment which cannot be printed at the moment of writing. Nevertheless, it may be safe to point out the irony of a situation which makes possible a second world war less than two years after the victorious armistice of 1918, which puts the Allies into the position of seeking alliance with the Prussian junkers, and which makes the Bolsheviki the absolute dictators of European peace. Mankind has seen nothing like the rise of the Russian Soviet since the French Revolution overflowed the barriers of Bourbon France and engulfed the continent of Europe. Whether the Russian flood will now do the same, depends mostly on the Bolsheviki themselves, who hold the reins of power, and partly on the Germans. Meanwhile, if the worse comes to the worst, it is well to remember that the Allies have nobody to blame for the situation but themselves. They absolutely refused to admit the Russians to the council table at Versailles and make them parties to the pact of peace. They have steadfastly waged war on the Soviets by backing every Tsarist who could gather a few men and live on their supplies of food and munitions. They have visited the horrors of famine and pestilence upon unnumbered millions of innocent women and children by the rigor of the blockade. And in urging on Poland to a war which has now most appropriately been turned into a rout, they were guilty of an act of aggression which, according to their own standards of judgment at Versailles, calls for the most condign punishment at the hands of the victors. If Europe escapes this new visitation, it will be because of a forebearance on the part of the Bolsheviki never at any time shown by their enemies.

In view of the prominence of the League of Nations issue in the present political campaign, it is timely to inquire what the League is doing to prevent war and establish peace in this great crisis of affairs. It would seem as though the Polish War were just the kind of situation which the League was designed to meet. And yet, during all these weeks of hard fighting and impending disaster, the League has done nothing. At the very moment when the conflict was at its height, and even the most careless observer could see that here was being kindled a fire which might easily engulf Europe in a second universal conflagration, the Council of the League of Nations had a meeting at San Sebastian, Spain, presided over by Count Quinones de Leon, Spanish ambassador to France, and discussed—what? *An effort to make Europe safe for travelers!*

"The question came up," says the Associated Press dispatch (July 30th), "on a report of the ambassadors' council, which cited many complaints, comprising a wide range of grievances, such as extortionate prices, difficulties with passports, and confiscation of watches, jewelry and other personal property at the frontiers of new states in central Europe. . . . The object which the council has in view is to abolish vexatious and unjustified regulations and make it possible for passengers to take through trains in safety and comfort."

In other words, the League of Nations, at the present critical juncture in the world's affairs, is doing the work of a magnified tourists' agency! And thus is the organization which President Wilson has told us will bring "peace on earth" and which Governor Cox insists the United States must join as the price of honor! The fact of the matter is, of course, as UNITY has insisted from the beginning, that the League of Nations is not an organization for peace at all, but a great military alliance established and controlled by the great powers for the more efficient transaction of their imperialistic business. It has not been the desire of England and France and Italy that the League should interfere in this nefarious Polish war. These governments wanted Poland to fight, gave the weapons to fight with, and straightway led off the League to a discussion of tourist tickets and confiscated watches. Such action, of course, has killed the League for all effective purposes. Nobody but the ignorant, and supporters of the President, take it seriously. The Republicans will be well advised if they refuse even to discuss so stale a joke.

The most important contribution that has been made to our knowledge of the Bolsheviki is that offered by Bertrand Russell in his articles in the *Nation*. They are notable primarily because of Mr. Russell's absolute integrity of mind—that transparent candor uniquely characteristic of English liberalism at its

best. His testimony is of course disappointing to those who have been thick-and-thin supporters of the Russian Communists. Especially embarrassing is his confirmation of the Lenin government's absolute denial of all freedom of speech, press and assembly. But what we have here in these articles, after all, is a very wholesome reminder of the fact that the Bolshevists are human beings, much like other folks, and therefore a mixture of good and evil. It has been as ridiculous a thing to extoll them as angels incarnate, as to cast them out utterly as demons raised from hell. They are simply men, profoundly convinced of the good of a certain way of life, and—quite in the fashion of the times in every country, including our own!—determined to impose that way upon other men at any cost of liberty and right. The worst of what Mr. Russell relates finds easy parallel in what has been freely done in Germany, England, France and America during the last six years. Mr. Russell himself bears out this interpretation when he states that the ills now being endured by the Russian people are the consequence of war, and that "the sole cure is peace and trade." While completely disillusioned as to the reputed virtues of communism, Mr. Russell declares that the Bolshevist government is better than any that has preceded it in Russia, and denounces the Allied policy of hostile interference.

The Irish problem never seemed darker than it does at this moment; and yet we only have to look at it in historical perspective, to see how near it is to-day to triumphant solution. Thirty years ago Irishmen outside of Ulster were clamoring for nothing more extreme than "home rule." At this same period conservative Englishmen were fighting "home rule" and insisting that Ireland must never be granted any measure of political self-dependence. To-day most Irish patriots are Sinn Feiners, seeking not "home rule" but the free Irish Republic; while, Englishmen, with the blessing of such men as Carson and Long, are hastening the enactment of a "home rule" bill more liberal than any dreamed of by Mr. Gladstone. Thus *pari passu* have the friends and enemies of Irish freedom advanced! Thus by the progress of the years has the cause moved steadily to its appointed goal! To anyone with a spoonful of brains, it must have long since become evident that Ireland must finally be free. This is as inevitable from the standpoint of English security as of Irish happiness. And yet so perverse are men, so greedy of power, so distrustful of generosity and goodwill, that they will undoubtedly resist this consummation as in the past they have resisted and thus delayed every other consummation written in the stars. Alas, that after all these centuries of experience, men are still fated to pay the highest price for the little that they gain!

The report of the Interchurch Movement on the late steel strike is undoubtedly the most remarkable document ever issued by a religious body in this or any other country. It is as tardy as Grouchy at Waterloo, but it is complete, uncompromising, and courageous. Its array of facts confirms every charge brought against the U. S. Steel Corporation by the supporters of the strike. It shows that the strike was justified by intolerable conditions of wages and labor (which incidentally still exist)—that the strike was conducted by approved A. F. of L. officials who had no connection of any kind with the so-called "reds"—that the strike was accompanied by frequent denial to the strikers of their constitutional rights of free speech and free assembly—that the Steel Corporation used, with the active connivance of government, a spy system as complete and terrible as that of Russia in the worst days of the Tsar. In the face of this report, and of the recent book by Mr. Foster, no one longer has any excuse for ignorance upon what the labor struggle actually means in America to-day. Conservative opinion, of course, as represented for example by the New York *Times,* charges the Interchurch Movement with deliberately fomenting unrest by publishing such a report; but such criticism only teaches us what to think of an industrial situation the facts of which cannot be revealed without danger of disturbance. Incidentally, this notable report renews regret at the collapse of a movement capable of performing such a work. That the report itself is described as one of the reasons for this collapse, does not lessen the poignancy of the tragedy.

In the riots which swept Denver during the street-car strike in the early part of August, "mobs of strikers and sympathizers smashed every window in the Denver *Post* building, and then entered and began wrecking the *Post's* presses." What does this mean? We do not know, for, so far as we have been able to discover, not another word has been published in the newspapers from that day to this about the disaster to the Denver *Post.* After this one despatch, which by some mysterious chance "got by," silence fell upon the situation like that which has fallen so often upon Russia and Ireland, India and Egypt. There are certain things which must not be known! In this case, we venture the guess that the Denver *Post* had for years been lying about labor in Denver, and on this occasion of the car strike, had multiplied its falsehoods beyond all reason. Labor finally lost its patience at such recurrence of moral treason, and proceeded forthwith to put the journal out of business. This, we also venture now to prophecy, is exactly the thing which is going to happen with ever greater frequency as time goes on and the labor war becomes more critical. It isn't nice, it isn't right; but if such

vengeance comes, as come it will, the American newspapers have only themselves to blame. In the steel strike, for example, as the Interchurch report takes pains to demonstrate, the newspapers deliberately suppressed the strikers' side of the controversy, while publishing day after day the most wanton misinterpretations of their actions and their cause. How long is that going to last? Only until labor wins power, and uses it as ruthlessly as Lenin in Moscow!

History repeats itself. Human nature remains much the same from age to age. Prof. Gilbert Murray writes interesting commentary on these maxims in his little book on "Our Great War and the Great War of the Ancient Greeks." Especially impressive is what he has to say about the ministers of religion in their relation to war. "The clergy," he writes, speaking of the conflict between Athens and Sparta, "that is to say, the prophets and oracle-dealers, are represented in Greek Comedy, just as they are later by Erasmus and Voltaire, as more ferocious in their war passions than the average layman. For example, in the *Peace* (a play by Aristophanes), when the buried goddess has been recovered from the bowels of the earth and all the nations are rejoicing, the soothsayer, Hierocles, comes to interrupt the peace-libations with his oracles:

> O miserable creatures and blind, not knowing the mind of the gods! Behold, men have made covenants with angry-eyed apes. Trembling gulls have put their trust in the children of foxes.

And again,

> Behold, it is not the pleasure of the blessed gods that ye cease from war until the wolf weds the lamb."

All this sounds natural enough. This is just the kind of thing that we had to endure in our Great War. The wildest ferocity of the time was in the Christian pulpit. The maddest teachers of hatred and lust were the Hilleses and the Van Dykes without number. Will not the psycho-analysts tell us what are the repressed desires and emotions which make the clergy in every age the fiercest champions of human slaughter?

Who is the most popular actor in America? Charlie Chaplin. Who is the most popular novelist? Harold Bell Wright. Who is the best known preacher? "Billy" Sunday. Who is the widest read poet? Walt Mason. What newspaper has the most readers? The New York *Journal*. What magazine has the largest circulation among men? The *Saturday Evening Post*. Among women? The *Ladies Home Journal*. What pictures go into the largest number of homes? The Sunday "comics." What one influence is predominant in the national life? The "movies." Are we pessimistic or snobbish, if we confess discouragement when we survey the future of a people with such standards of intellectual and spiritual life? There is another side, of course. But this also is a "side," and it is folly to ignore it.

The exclusive American atrocity of lynching, goes merrily on. It now occurs quite as freely in the North as in the South, and more often for comparatively venial offences than for the traditional crime of rape. In the great majority of cases, also, it is clearly evident that the local authorities are totally incapable of dealing with the phenomenon. They are as much unable to punish a lynching after it is done, as they are to prevent it before it is done. For lynching is an act not of one man, nor even a group of men, but of an entire community; and there is needed some social will outside that of the community itself, to handle the situation. It is this fact which is persuading an ever-growing number of people that lynching must be made a federal offense. This monstrous crime, indicative of barbarism in its worst form, must be defined as an attack upon the nation; and the nation, therefore, armed with power to intervene. It is this solution of the problem which is now being sought by so enlightened an organization as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; and it is encouraging to note that a bill, sponsored by the Association, has already been introduced into the House of Representatives, and is on the calendar for passage in the coming session. If this legislation is enacted, there will for the first time be some prospect of blotting out the worst stain which now shames the honor of America.

God Versus Public Opinion

> We are of the opinion that there can be no objection to such a platform from the standpoint of Christianity, so far as the application of the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is involved. . . . In the present state of the public mind and from the standpoint of the citizen of the world, however, whether he calls himself a Christian or not, we think it unwise for the members of the faculty to associate themselves with this and other similar organizations.

The above *confessio fidei* of 20th century Christianity is contained in a report of a committee of the Board of Trustees of the Berkeley Divinity School (Episcopal), located in Middletown, Connecticut. This report was occasioned by a public charge brought against the school last winter, that it was a "center of radical socialism" and a "spawning place for Bolshevik propaganda." The charge was of course ridiculous, having its foundation in nothing more serious or discreditable than a habit of free inquiry on the part of the faculty, and a platform open to such men as Mr. Wilfred Humphries, for example, who is not unfavorably known as a lecturer who is giving honest testimony about Soviet Russia. Dr. William P. Ladd, Dean of the school, nevertheless insisted upon investigation; and the report, from which the above quotation is taken, was the result. This particular statement, it should be said, has reference to the membership of Dean Ladd and at least one member of his faculty, in

the Church League for Industrial Democracy, an Episcopalian organization composed of men and women who seek "as Christians to promote all sound movements looking towards the democratization of industry and the socialization of life."

All things considered, we believe that *The New Republic* is right when it asserts that

> this is the frankest confession which we have yet seen of the unabashed worldliness with which so many nominal Christians greet any proposal to apply Christian ethics to modern society.

Look at what is here laid down as a guiding principle of conduct in thought and life for a group of scholars whose task it is to prepare young men for the ministry of Jesus Christ! The "platform" accepted by members of the Church League for Industrial Democracy, say these worthy trustees in their report, is unobjectionable "from the standpoint of Christianity." Indeed, there is not only "no objection" to this "platform," but it is specifically set forth in another sentence in the report that its "principles hold the solution of industrial and social problems, if they could be freely and fully applied." The League, in other words, has done the astonishing thing of setting forth ideals which are not only right, in that they accord with the mind of Christ, but are also expedient, in that their full and free application "holds the solution" of all our vexing problems of industrial and social life. Here obviously it would seem is a cause to which it is not only the privilege but the bounden duty of Christians to rally and of Christian teachers to guide their pupils. And yet, *mirabile dictu,* it is just the opposite injunction which is laid upon the Dean and faculty of the Berkeley Divinity School by the Board of Trustees. Why?

It is almost unbelievable that the Trustees could prescribe and publish such a reason as is contained in their report, just as it is really unbelievable that these Trustees comprehended the moral import of their argument. It is "unwise," they urge, for Christians to seek to advance these "principles" which are admittedly so true and so efficacious "from the standpoint of Christianity," because, forsooth, there is some question about them *"from the standpoint of the citizen of the world."* Bluntly stated, there is a conflict on between "the Gospel of Jesus Christ" and "the present state of the public mind"; and in this conflict, the Christian is advised to take sides with—what? With "the Gospel of Christ," which, if "fully and freely applied," mind you, would "hold the solution of industrial and social problems"? Not at all! He is to side with "the present state of the public mind." Called upon to choose between being a disciple of the Master and a "citizen of the world," the wise Christian must unhesitatingly choose the latter. His first duty is to serve not God but public opinion!

The thought of what this doctrine might have meant to the world, if rigidly followed in times gone by, is positively terrifying. Jesus, for example, had he been properly instructed in the matter of adapting himself to a "present state of the public mind," would have refrained from going about his "Father's business," and lived out his days, to a ripe old age, at Joseph's business of carpentry. Or, defying as he did the public opinion of his day, he would have called in vain for disciples, for these men would have seen that, however sound the principles of Jesus's Gospel, however efficacious in solving the industrial and social problems of Palestine, it was "unwise" for them, as citizens of the world, to "associate themselves" with any such movement as the Nazarene proposed. There might have been a Nicodemus or two, to give Jesus secret comfort, but most of the disciples, if guided by this counsel, would have done in the beginning what Simon Peter did at the end, when he denied his Lord thrice before cock-crow.

Or take the early Christians, as another example! Suppose that the little churches in Jerusalem and Antioch and Corinth and Rome had had boards of trustees who laid down the injunction that, in the present highly inflamed condition of the public mind in the Roman Empire, it was "unwise" for the members of these churches to continue their connection with Christianity. Suppose these elders had cautioned their associates to remember that they were not only Christians but citizens of the world, and that, in this latter capacity, they must subordinate the platform of Jesus's teaching to the laws of the state, and to the passions and prejudices of "the public mind." The result of such an attitude would of course have been a lowering of the death rate among those early Christians, and a prompt ending of the roll of martyrs. But on the other hand would have come the speedy extinction of Christianity as a spiritual movement.

Other illustrations swarm upon the mind. Savonarola would undoubtedly have been the fashionable preacher of Florence had his superiors been able to convince him, as the Berkeley trustees would feign convince Dean Ladd, that "the Gospel of Jesus Christ" is not as important at any one time as "the state of the public mind." But what service would he thus have rendered to the advancing cause of the Reformation? Imagine Wesley, if we can, balancing the duty of a Christian against the duty of "a citizen of the world." Or try to conceive the picture of Theodore Parker pondering the problem as to whether, in the state of American public opinion in the '40s, he ought to associate himself with the Abolition Society "and other similar organizations"!

We only have to cite such examples as these, to see clearly the absurdity and also the out-and-out immorality of such doctrine as this imparted by the Board of Trustees of Berkeley to their Dean and faculty. And yet this doctrine is not only the teaching of a

Board but the practice of almost the entire Christian church to-day. The whole significance of this episode at Middletown is found in the fact that these Trustees, in thus speaking, were unwittingly stating the real but seldom confessed conviction of the ecclesiastical mind to-day. Take any moral issue of great public moment, where the idealism of Christ's word is in conflict with the existing state of public opinion, and how unerringly and shamelessly does the church sacrifice the former to the latter! What happened in the Great War, of course, is the crowning demonstration of this fact. The issue here was perfectly plain. Jesus's "platform" of life contains no article endorsing war of any kind or for any purpose. On the contrary, in such commandments as "resist not evil," "love your enemies," "forgive until seventy times seven," it specifically outlaws war. As if anticipating the very issue now before us, Jesus declared that, if his disciples were of this world, they would fight, but not being primarily of this world, they could not fight. On the other hand, was the declaration in 1917 of a state for war. Everyman, as a citizen and patriot, was summoned to take up arms and prepare himself not primarily to die in love but to kill in hate. Did the church hesitate, as it faced this dilemma? Not for a moment! Instantly, with a clamor rivalled only by that of the newspapers, they abandoned Christ and accepted Caesar. They laid down the terrific dictum that a man was "a citizen of the world" first, and a Christian afterwards. They affirmed, alike in word and deed, that, not the will of God, but "the present state of the public mind," whatever it may be, is to be the guiding principle of life.

It is this treason unto God which is perhaps more largely responsible than any other one thing for the moral plight of the churches. Lincoln was right—in the long run the people can't be fooled! They have discovered that the churches have no moral character. They see that the churches are more interested in preserving a good reputation than in serving the right. They observe that the churches will espouse no cause which is unpopular and minister to no class of people which is outcast. They know that the churches are timid, time-serving, conformist, ready to nail Christ to the cross whenever Rome so orders.

Would the churches save themselves and win again the confidence of men? Then let them, like their Master, call mankind to repentance, and teach and do the perfect will of God. We shall have again a great religious age, and a true revival of the spirit, when, in some such crisis as that at Berkeley, a board of trustees recommends that—*Whatever the state of the public mind, and in defiance of the standpoint of the citizen of the world, we think it unwise for the members of the faculty to do anything but seek out and associate themselves with all organizations which affirm the application of the principles of the Gospel of Jesus Christ!*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

CONTRIBUTED

Imperialism

We have been so busily engaged for the past five or six years in the imperial struggles of the Christian nations that we have had little or no time to give to the consideration of the methods employed by Christian governments in maintaining law and order among their subject peoples. It is not to be expected of the industrious citizens of western civilization that they can be forever assuming a sentimental attitude toward mankind in general, for the supporters of Christian government have their preferences and prejudices so carefully organized by those whose business it is to shape their opinions, that it is difficult to pass, at a jump, from the limited liability stage in altruism to its complete Christian realization. Sentimentalists must not expect too much of us in our endeavor to rise above our race disabilities, and the question of imperial treatment of subject races may have to be postponed for the consideration of those who will inherit all the good things that were promised during the struggle for altruistic ascendancy which has just now been brought to a close.

Someone has said that one atrocity at a time, when it is advertised by the experts, is all that a Christian community can stomach. This may be true enough, and perhaps it is the real reason why we have not been properly informed as to some of the world's greatest examples of an art that was practiced in its most perfect manner by the pagan empires of ancient days. There have, however, been atrocities perpetrated within the Christian era which, according to some historians, suffer not in comparison with those of the pagans. It is strange that many of comparatively recent date should have been overlooked; in all probability they were not brought to the notice of the expert in such a way that he could see their practical value. Nevertheless, the past century affords many amazing examples of atrocity and massacre. We do not refer particularly to Bulgarian atrocities, Turkish atrocities, Congo and Putamayo atrocities; nor do we wish to revive what has been called "the dwindling interest" in the German atrocities perpetrated in Belgium, and in the South African Colonies. All these have been brought to our notice with that meticulous thoroughness of detail of which the twentieth century recording expert is master. We can add nothing to what he has accomplished. Still, we do feel that something should be said of the work that has been done in other parts of the world by governments no less Christian than, say, the Germans and the Belgians. Let us take, for instance, the work of the international forces at Pekin, where, so we are told by many authorities, the retribution which overtook the Boxers was not less terrible than that carried out by the rebels. Then there was the massacre at Blagovyeshchensk, where 5,000 Chinese —men, women and children—were flung into the Amur by the Cossacks. This incident has been dealt with by Lord Birkenhead, the British Lord Chancellor, in his work on International Law, but we hesitate to horrify the reader with some of the precise details which Lord Birkenhead mentions in his narrative.

The Jamaica insurrection of 1865 caused perhaps more controversy, more vindictiveness, more horror, than anything in the annals of British administration.

This forgotten drama in the history of empires is worth reviving, for we believe it is the test case, as it were, of how subject races should be dealt with when law and order are at stake. Search where you will, you will not find a truer, less sentimental record of that terrible business than the one given by Justin McCarthy in his "A History of Our Own Times." He says:

> "The insurrection, or whatever the movement was which broke out on October 11th, was over long before. It never offered the slightest resistance to the soldiers. It never showed itself to them. An armed insurgent was never seen by them. Nevertheless, for weeks after, the hangings, the floggings, the burnings of houses, were kept up. Men were hanged, women were flogged, merely 'suspect of being suspect.' Many were flogged or hanged for no particular reason but that they happened to come in the way of men who were in a humor for flogging and hanging. Women—to be sure they were only colored women—were stripped and scourged by the saviours of society with all the delight which a savage village population of the Middle Ages might have felt in torturing witches. The report of the Royal Commissioners stated that four hundred and thirty-nine persons were put to death, and that over six hundred, including many women, were flogged, some under circumstances of revolting cruelty. Cats made of piano wire were in some instances used for the better effect of flagellation. Some of the scourges were shown to the Commissioners, who observe that it is 'painful to think that any man should have used such an instrument for the torturing of his fellow creatures.' The Commissioners summed up their report by declaring that the punishments inflicted were excessive; that the punishment of death was unnecessarily frequent; that the floggings were reckless and in some cases positively barbarous; that the burning of one thousand houses was wanton and cruel. . . (p. 317.)
>
> ". . . The deeds which were done by Governor Eyre's authority, or to which, when they were done, he gave his authority's sanction, were branded with such infamy that it is almost impossible such things could ever be done again in England's name. Even those who excused, under the circumstances, the men by whom the deeds were done, had seldom a word to say in defence of the acts themselves. The cruelties of that saturnalia of vengeance are absolutely without parallel in the history of our times; perhaps the very horror they inspired, the very shame of the few arguments employed to defend them, may make for mercy in the future. The one strong argument for severity, on which so many relied when upholding the acts of Mr. Eyre, is curiously confuted by the history of Jamaica itself. That argument was that severity of an extraordinary kind was necessary to prevent the repetition of rebellion. Rigor of repression had been tried long enough in Jamaica without producing any such effect. . . ."

To those who would defy the authority of experience we commend the case of the Jamaica insurrection and the manner in which it was suppressed under Governor Eyre. More than half a century has passed since that experience which shocked the world and horrified England. Some of the most illustrious Englishmen of the time compared it with pagan orgies of blood and destruction, and hoped fervently that it would be a lesson to all commanders, military and civil, of subject races. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn declared "that there was not a stone in the island of Jamaica which, if the rains of heaven had not washed off from it the stains of blood, might not have borne terrible witness to the manner in which martial law had been exercised for the suppression of native discontent."

A similar occurrence has recently taken place in India, and this one proves how little regard the military mind has for the authority of experience, yet the administration of India affords, every decade since the days of Clive, sufficient experience to make any ruling fanatic pause before denying its authority. Not so, however, with General Dyer, when he was called upon to quell the disturbances which took place at Amritsar in April last; disturbances which arose out of the desire of certain Hindus to protest by means of sundry strikes, against the measures adopted by the administration, such as the severity of the Rowlatt Act, recruiting and the suppression of freedom of speech and press. There were disturbances of not a very serious character, some pickets had been attacked with stones on April the 11th. On the 13th General Dyer and his troops appeared upon the scene, and he issued a proclamation in his name forbidding meetings, stating people were liable to be shot if they assembled in crowds, but martial law was not proclaimed before the 16th. At a little village called Jallianwala Bagh, not far from the town of Amritsar, a meeting was called in a large enclosure which had only two entrances; it was something of a public garden lying rather low beneath the surface of the road. The vast majority of the people at the gathering were "simple, ignorant peasants, who had come to Amritsar for the Sikh festival of Boisakhi, and who went to the meeting to amuse themselves." Neither visitors nor townsmen had arms. General Dyer with fifty rifle men, forty gurkhars, and two armored cars with machine guns, set off for the meeting. On reaching the garden without a word of warning his rifle men poured volley after volley into a crowd of 5,000 persons. No alarm of any kind such as is usual before loaded cartridges are fired, was given. One thousand six hundred and five rounds of ammunition were shot into the crowd as it struggled madly to reach the two entrances to the enclosures. In ten or fifteen minutes it was all over, so far as General Dyer and his men were concerned. Four hundred and fifteen were killed and nearly 1,500 wounded. No attempt was made to render first aid.

The massacre has met with the approval of many members of Anglo-Indian society and some English newspapers of the type of the *Morning Post*. And General Dyer has been honored by his military superiors, and his methods of maintaining law and order have the approval of Sir Michael O'Dwyer, the Governor of the Punjab. For it was all done to prevent a repetition of rebellion, and in spite of the authority of experience in Egypt, in Africa, in Jamaica, and in India itself, the military mind works in precisely the same channel it settled into in the days of Imperial Greece and Rome. Sentimentalists may rage against atrocity and massacre as indignantly today

as at any time in history; they may pray as fervently for the cessation of such orgies of the military mind as their fathers did at the time of the Jamaica insurrection; but we are very much afraid that the Dyers and Eyres will proceed with the business of empire unmoved by the censure of those who oppose their methods, but who, at the same time, heartily agree with a policy of imperialism which provides for the work of Christian missionaries and the conversion of the heathen. We make no reflections, none whatever, on the results of Christian missionary work among the subject races of empires; the results are patent, they may pass without comment. Still, militarism and massacre go hand in hand through empire after empire, undeterred by the spirit of the doctrine which seems to be reserved especially for the heathen mind.

RICHARD CLAUGHTON.

The India Situation in a Nutshell

There is a famous saying of Macaulay concerning the British Tory party in England of his day, which exactly describes the present British government in India. Said Macaulay:

> It is the essence of the Tory spirit that instead of removing a grievance they try to put down an agitation.

Here, in a nutshell, is the whole story of the Punjab troubles of last year. The people felt that they had very serious grievances. Rightly they agitated for the removal of these. A wise, just and statesmanlike government would have seen to it that all just causes for complaint were put away. Not so the Indian government. Tory in spirit, Bourbon in spirit, bureaucratic, autocratic, militaristic in spirit, it stopped its ears to the just cries of the people, and "instead of removing a grievance," it brutally, stupidly determined by methods of blood and iron "to put down an agitation."

Unfortunately, the Punjab instance does not stand alone. It is only the latest and a peculiarly shocking illustration of a general policy. Every student of the history of British rule in India knows that from the beginning no class of persons have been so constantly frowned on and persecuted by the government as the educated leaders who have dared to point out India's wrongs and agitate for their reform. The Indian National Congress, made up of the best minds of the nation, whose work has always been conciliatory, constructive and statesmanlike, has from its very inception been held in strong disfavor by the government because it dared to express the grievances of the people and ask for the removal of the wrongs. Sedition laws of the severest character have been kept constantly over the heads of the people, like a sword of Damocles. Because they have dared to express the nation's grievances and agitate for reform, hundreds of periodicals have been suppressed, and hundreds of the best and most honored men in India have been thrown into prison or banished to the inhumanities of the Andaman Islands, often without trial or any opportunity for defending themselves.

It was hoped that when the war was over and India had shown such loyalty and had rendered to England such large and important services, that there would be a change in the spirit of the government. But all such hopes have been dashed. The spirit of suspicion, of repression, of tyranny, of arrogance, of downright brutality in dealing with the Indian people has never been so manifest as within the past two years. Is this spirit to continue? Much has been said about the great "New Reform Scheme," about the "New Government of India Act," by which India is to be put on the road to constitutional government, to home rule, to self determination. Let nobody be deceived. Unless there is a complete change in the spirit of the British government in India, the New Reform Scheme can prove nothing but camouflage. So long as the spirit of British rule in India is that of "putting down agitation" instead of removing the cause—or "removing the grievance"—India has nothing to hope for from Great Britain.

Will Britain radically and completely change her spirit and policy toward India? We shall see.

J. T. SUNDERLAND,
President of the India Home Rule League of America and Editor of Young India.

Echoes

Here are three bits of simple experience within the last few months which seem to give another guarantee of the essential loveliness in human nature, and of the fact that essential loveliness works:

Motoring in New York state, we stopped to lunch by the roadside somewhere north of Ithaca. We chose an open field lying on a pleasant slope. When lunch was spread and well entered upon we saw a woman emerge from a farm house across the road and come toward us. She came briskly and with an air of definiteness, of determination which gave us all instant foreboding. Said somebody:

"She's coming to tell us to see that we gather up our papers and leave no scraps about."

Somebody else said: "She's coming to tell us that we cannot eat our lunch here."

And then, as the woman drew nearer, and her air of determination appeared rather to increase, another of our party warned us, under-breath:

"She's coming to tell us that this is her hill!"

The woman entered the field, came directly toward us, stood beside us and said:

"It's cold out here. Won't you come over in my house and eat your lunch? And let me make you a cup of tea?"

Near Los Angeles this winter we saw an orange grove which bordered upon one side a lonely and lovely canyon, already greening and blossoming and filled with birds. But the loveliness of the canyon was marred by one feature: On the edge of the orange grove rose an immense cactus hedge, seven or eight feet high. Ugly, forbidding, its sharp spines and thick, fleshy green had grown and pressed out to be a wall of living weapons, as effectually preventing the entrance of anyone into that grove as would a phalanx.

As we drove for a long distance beside this mass, I thought of the toil that it had taken to warn away folk from this orange grove, and I was wondering whether it would not have been more effective to put up the single word: "Please" here and there. Besides, it seemed unfair to press the cactus plants into this sort of service, for they have a certain crude and massive beauty in themselves. The prickly, warning hedge gave me the unhappy sensation and memory which I took away once from driving by another walled garden whose closed gate bore the placard: "The dogs

are fierce." It seemed so incredible, in a manner so absurd, that after all these years we have come no farther on our way toward the divine than this.

Then our hostess, seeing me eye the cactus wall a good deal askance, gave this for a present:

"I'm going to tell on my husband," she said. "He manages to protect his orange groves a little differently. For a half mile or so his groves border the road. When he set out his trees he planted a row of trees outside his own land, bordering the roadside. The action was reported to the authorities and they came in indignation to inquire why he was overstepping his own grounds.

"He explained: 'Those roadside trees,' said he, 'are public trees.'

"'Public?' they repeated.

"'Yes,' he said, 'pleasure trees. Public pleasure orange trees.'

"'But—free?'

"'Certainly. Free for people to pick and eat—though I didn't expect to advertise it.'

"'What's your idea?' they inquired confidentially.

"He said: 'It's very practical. I'm merely protecting my own oranges. If people can pick and eat oranges by the roadside, they'll let my oranges alone.'

"And so," said our hostess, "it has proved. Occasionally somebody will telephone to our house that strangers are robbing our boulevard trees. And my husband tells them that it's what he planted them there for.

"No one has ever abused the trees or the privilege—has ever picked or carried away a quantity. They pick and carry away what they wish to eat and the grove stands in perfect safety."

I thought about the two methods—the one of the cactus hedge, the other of the row of roadside trees, bearing delicious fruit. It seemed to me that between these two instances lay the whole distance, from the raw to the ripened race.

Even from the standpoint of policemen, were there ever such policemen?

Moreover, as I looked, I could see here and there a torn and ragged way through the cactus hedge, where marauders had somehow scrambled through, right into the orange grove.

After all, the cactus hedge hadn't even worked!

The third instance is also of California. There came to the Mission Inn at Riverside a young Englishman, only son of a baron, and heir to a great estate, and that son had determined, on his return to England, to enter a Carmelite monastery.

One day, as he was going through a part of the unique and beautiful collection of curios and art objects which makes the Inn like a page of Spanish history, the young nobleman came upon a reliquary containing the bones of St. John of the Cross. It chanced that St. John of the Cross was his patron saint, and the young man received the discovery in a deep excitement. He went at once to the curator, explained his situation, and said that he must have the reliquary, or at least the relics, at whatever cost. The curator was impressed by his patron's failure to drive a bargain, but informed him that the reliquary was a part of the cross collection and could not be sold—that the Master of the Inn, the collector of these rare objects, would not consider selling the reliquary.

Upon this the young nobleman wrote a letter to the Master of the Inn, Frank A. Miller, and accompanied the letter by a gift of three ecclesiastical rings, set with beautiful jewels—one of them a papal ring—and the letter said that any sum named would be paid in addition, if he would but part with the relics.

The "Master of the Inn," himself not a Catholic but the preserver of lovely things in art as in life, was touched by the young man's earnestness, and understood it. He gave the matter a day's thought and then he wrote the young man a letter. Ill at the time and confined to his room, Mr. Miller had not met his guest, but he wrote as follows:

My Dear Friend:

It has become clear to me that I cannot traffic in anything which you value as much as you value these relics. Take them, with my love and good wishes. And I herewith return the beautiful rings, which I am sure that you value even more than I.

The young nobleman responded with the gift of a fourteenth century ebony cross, bearing a silver figure, and the two parted.

But I submit that something had been born of that meeting which no straight business transaction of the world could ever have created, for one moment of time.

ZONA GALE.

IMMORTALITY.

O mystery of Life,
That after all our strife,
  Defeats, mistakes,
Just as, at last, we see
The road to victory,
  The tired heart breaks.

Just as the long years give
Knowledge of how to live,
  Life's end draws near;
As if, that gift being ours,
God needed our new powers
  In worlds elsewhere.

There, if the Soul whose wings
Were won in suffering, springs
  To life anew,
Justice would have some room
For hope beyond the tomb,
  And mercy too.

And since, without this dream
No light, no faintest gleam
  Answers our "why";
But earth and all its race
Must pass and leave no trace
  On that blind sky;

Shall reason close that door
On all we struggled for,
  Seal the Soul's doom;
Make all this universe
One wild answering curse,
  One lampless tomb?

Mine be the dream, the creed
That leaves for God, indeed,
  For God, and man,
One open door whereby
To prove His world no lie
  And crown his plan.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

SELECTED

The Unfinished God: A Reply

Query for Messrs. Holmes and Reeman,—Is this Deity of yours likely to become another Mr. Palmer?

I wonder how far readers of Mr. Reeman's paper in *The Christian Register,* and Mr. Holmes's recent sermon in UNITY, "Does God Know His Own Mind?" and Mr. H. G. Wells's essays in theology, are satisfied with "the new idea of God." So far indeed as these writers lay fresh emphasis upon the reality of the living God, and on the fact of a divine companionship into which man may enter, we welcome their message. Let us go with our new interpreters in all their positive utterances, merely remarking that on this conservative side they are reflecting the familiar thoughts embedded in the greatest ancient teachings of religion. Whoever wrote, "As a father pitieth his children," knew the gospel of "God with us."

The fact is, the claim to any special newness of thought about God lies on the side of its negations. In this respect it reminds one of the early and somewhat material anthropomorphisms. The weary and sweating God is one of the old Titans. I am not alarmed about anthropomorphisms and inchoate thoughts of God which are on the way up toward clearer and nobler thinking. I am concerned about ideas of God which tend downward. I am not afraid of the kind of thought which becomes too great for words and definitions in the majestic presence of the ultimate mysteries. But I deplore thinking that tends to confusion.

Let us ask now, in this strange conception of the limited, imperfect, evolving God, what great attribute of character and personality is not enfeebled? Power is wanting, for the God may be "defeated," if this can be said of a being who does not perhaps know his own mind. All perfection of beauty is wanting; intelligence is wanting; for, after ages of random experimentation, here is still a blundering God, who has never arrived. Purpose is wanting and will is uncertain. Socrates, with his splendid motto, Know thyself, was wiser than this groping Deity. We may feel surer of Mr. Reeman's good-will than we can feel of the evolving God's will. Unity is wanting in such a God. We know men whose character is formed. What fixed principles, as of truth, faithfulness, justice, has this unformed God, whose fate still is at stake? Wherein can you depend upon him? He is working his way out of the bog painfully, like one of the old monsters. What if you happen upon him in one of his depressed and ineffective moods? How do you know that he loves you, or that he cares at all for you? May not such a God change his mind? Why not?

True, you decorate him with poetic phrases, and attribute your ideals to him. How do you know that he has any ideals? Are you sure that they are yours? So far as he has ideals to which he is committed, he has made up his mind, and has so far got out of the bog into the realm of spiritual reality. Who knows, then, that he has not always dwelt in this realm, and, so far from being emersed in the evolutionary process, is the Lord of the process? I am perplexed with the array of interrogation marks. I feel even a sort of pity for this God, so slow, not only in bringing his universe to pass, but so intolerably slow in mastering himself and learning the business of life.

I see men in a brief span of thirty years, in the face of dense popular ignorance and cruel majorities, attaining wisdom and beauty and unity, while this evolving Sisyphus-God is still rolling his stone up the hill and chasing it down. How can we get at such a God, if we wanted to help him? I can abide the mighty processes of evolution, provided we think of their slowness and their eccentricities as arising from the inevitable nature of the process, but it almost paralyzes thought if I must believe that no higher intelligence is in and behind the process except this growing God who takes so much more time than we do in growing up, and actually requires our help to grow at all. Frankly, I cannot bring myself to love, admire or worship the evolving God. Mr. Reeman intimates that he is no autocrat, but a good comrade, a sort of democratic being. How am I sure of this? How can I know that in some mood of his, while he sways in the evolving process, he may not attempt to play the part of the autocrat, like our Attorney-General Palmer? I can count on no certitude in the case of a God who has not found himself, and who may be defeated. Am I doing injustice to the new thought? But what can the critical intelligence do with a finite God? I cannot make the conception thinkable—not, at least, when I try to think it through.

Moreover, I do not find the new theology workable. The test of conduct comes in times of moral stress, when we face new issues and choices, and either grow or fall back. What, now, if I turn in such a time to this half-evolved comrade God? Why may he not refuse to take sides in the issue? What if there shine upon me guiding ideals which he has not reached? Our highest ideals are away above us: may they not be above this God? A God who "does not know his own mind" is a vain hope in my hour of need. What will he say to war and conscription? What if he favors compromise and expediency? If not, must it not be because the God who speaks within us is no half-God, but the eternal Truth and Goodness whom we have been supposing not to exist? I find nothing inspiring or workable in the thought of a God who may prove at a pinch not to have got along any farther than I have.

The idea that some of us men may be at the top of the procession, and know as much as God does, and be even more progressive than he is, is at first a bit exhilarating. But I do not find it good for me to conceive of myself as just another fellow with a God who is still in the toils of growing up. This tends toward a preposterous conceit. The lines of the truth run in the opposite way. Glad as I am to belong to the universe order, I do not make it or find it, but it finds and makes me. I do not create any good thing that I possess. I seem rather to have received all, to be using only what is given me; in short, to be playing the part of a child in the presence of a Wisdom and Power and Goodness on which I absolutely depend for sustenance. The wonderful book of life reads in this way only.

There are certain stupendous facts about human life from which my mind cannot get away. Find what fault you may with the word "absolute," yet at our best something appears in us that we can only describe under this term. We admire our friend Mr. Holmes because he seems to have had experiences with the

Absolute. We count on his loyalty as of one who has seen the vision of the absolute faithfulness. At our best we seem to touch the infinite. How much do we hunger and thirst after righteousness? No answer is adequate except in the terms of the infinite. The science of mathematics, to say nothing of art and beauty, lifts us to an infinite realm: we become citizens of an infinite spiritual universe. Within ourselves, besides the lesser, half-articulate, growing self, there appears a better self, the kernel of reality, like a son of God urging the feebler will into unison with the good Will. In all times men have caught this sense of the infinite and real at the heart of things, transcending the world of matter and motion and things. The immanent God, revealed only in and through things and history and evolution, is a fact only by virtue of this eternal, self-existent, and transcendent God.

I recall Mr. Hosmer's lines:

> To this their secret strength they owed,
> The martyr's path who trod;
> The fountain of their patience flowed
> From out their thought of God.

The immeasurable possibilities of life astonish us daily. No one can approach the subject of religion with measuring rods or negations. The best men and women are not groping their way. They know their minds. They follow the clew of an infinite purpose. They have a sheltering sense of a great and good Will sustaining them. There is here "no variableness or shadow of turning." There is no defeat here. Where was ever any lover and helper of men defeated? These facts argue no half-baked Deity, unsure of his own will, nor yet converted to follow and gladly to obey the unalterable will of the universe.

In the light of this thought, the problem of evil does not seem so terrible. Who supposes that the weaker, inchoate, finite thing, evil, can defeat the stronger, infinite, and ever-unifying life of truth, beauty and goodness? Our friends Mr. Reeman and Mr. Holmes do not seriously apprehend this issue for a moment. Let us take their ardor and eloquence in earnest, but let us interpret every eloquent word as the instinctive effort of aspiring natures to approach the infinite God, who has "created man to be immortal and made him to be an image of his own eternity."

Charles F. Dole.

From Vienna

Extracts from a personal letter received recently by a member of "Unity's" Staff

My Dear Friend:

You wonder what has become of me during all these years? Dear friend, I went through hell. After war was declared between Austria and Servia, Germany and France, like many of my friends here, I went to do some hospital work. I shudder still if I remember what we had to do. Soon I had to leave it, with all the pity and deep compassion in my heart for the poor suffering soldiers, I could not stand it, I broke down. After a short rest I had taken, I blamed myself for being so weak, so useless, and I inscribed myself again as a help in the railway stations for evacuation trains! Horrible, most horrible! Then to see these poor fugitives, coming, driven away from home and house, half naked, hungry, nearly crazy, little children without parents, old infirm people taken out of sanitariums—who could see this and stand it, without the wish and will to help, could not be human! Oh, how we despised our government, nothing was prepared for help, no organization, the whole country simply a chaos!

I have buried my dear old mother, she was old and perhaps ripe to die, but I lost relatives and friends young, vigorous people, with a promising future! The war swallowed them up, one by one, and we thought it happiness if one or the other returned invalid! And war and blockade went on year after year, we were used in time to all hardships, but we hoped the redeemer must come from over the ocean, he had promised an end to the sufferings of poor innocent children and women. He came and peace came, but as a caricature! Everything the papers are telling you over the poverty and misery in our countries is nothing compared to the truth. But *not* the ordinary workmen, not the proletariat, are the sufferers; for them everything has been done; they get what they want, and if not they are organized and strike; the real sufferer is the middle class and what we call *das geistige Proletariat,* "people," who cannot stretch out their hands and beg, men who were accustomed to study, women who were born ladies and brought up to live like ladies, deeper and deeper every day they go. The high cost of living, the question the whole world is suffering from, does not allow them to eat sufficiently, and while the children of the proletariat enjoy hospitality in other countries, they are afraid to show up their poverty and their children go to bed hungry. Noblesse oblige! Dear friend, excuse me if this letter, which was only meant to thank you, to tell you of my joy to have heard from you, will disturb you of one moment's happiness.

Mr. —— I do not remember, but I will try to learn something of him from his book, I ordered already in Leipzig, because here I cannot get it. Writers show often more of their character's spirit in books than they do in conventional life. Good books have grown to be a rare thing in our time. I am sorry to confess that we have here, as in France and Germany, a filthy, erotic, unhealthy press. Nothing good came out of these last years. I read a great deal, but old books, old friends!

LATER.

My long letter just left as two copies of *The Freeman* arrived. Thank you. I am so sorry my English is so limited that I do not dare to translate some of the universal interesting articles for a paper here, and afraid also that we are not free enough to say what *The Freeman* is telling with so much freedom!

Do you know that, giving as a reason, *there was not printing paper enough,* the government only allows certain daily papers with a limited number of pages to come out? I showed today to a friend of mine *The Freeman* and he read the remark, it is not to be understood that "articles signed with a name, pseudonym or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editor's judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading." We looked at each other and he said, 'tell me the name of this editor, for us here in Vienna he is an object of exhibition!' We are slaves, beggars, the war was terrible, but the peace has broken down all resistance, nobody dares to speak the truth even! The book "How Diplomats Make

War" I may get from Germany, here they will not sell it. I also should love to read Dillon's "The Inside Story of the Peace Conference." Could you possibly tell me where to get it? With money one can buy even sugar, milk, eggs, meat, in our rotten country, or better unfortunate city, but for our intellectual needs there is less than nothing. And I am not alone. There are thousands of men and women who do not know any more what it means to have a decent meal, because we are too poor to buy from scoundrels at enormous prices the food we need, the most simple clothing to wear, but we hunger more for spiritual food.

THE STUDY TABLE

"THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE."*

Sometimes one opens a book, reads a few lines, and is drawn irresistibly by their style and power to read on and on until the end. Such a book is "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," by J. M. Keynes. It is written by a man who was a representative of the British Treasury at the Peace Conference and sat as deputy for the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the Supreme Economic Council. He resigned, as he himself says, "when it became evident that hope could no longer be entertained of substantial modification in the draft Terms of Peace."

All of us who had studied the origin of the war and knew the methods of European diplomacy had made a fairly correct guess at what took place in Paris and how the forces of reaction triumphed; it needed a book like this, however, to give us a really flash-light view of the proceedings and their inevitable consequences for Europe and the world unless drastically altered. Here, for instance, in the introduction, Keynes says:

> Paris was a nightmare and everyone there was morbid. A sense of impending catastrophe overhung the frivolous scene * * * one could wonder if the extraordinary visages of Wilson and of Clemenceau, with their fixed hue and unchanging characterization, were really faces at all and not the tragi-comic masks of some strange drama or puppet show.

His chapter on the Conference is of most interest to the general reader. It needed a brave man, especially from the class of society to which Mr. Keynes belongs, to speak so frankly about the personalities in the Council of Four as he has done.

His picture of Clemenceau gives one an insight into the motives that dominated that sardonic personality and made him the most eminent member of the Council of Four. He alone both had an idea and had considered it in all its consequences.

> If France could seize, even in part, what Germany was compelled to drop, the inequality of strength between the two rivals for European hegemony might be remedied for many generations. * * * This is the policy of an old man, whose most vivid impressions and whose most lively imagination are of the past and not of the future. He sees the issue in terms of France and Germany, not of humanity and of European civilization struggling forward to a new order.

In vivid phrases Keynes tells us how this policy was substituted for the Fourteen Points and how the collapse of President Wilson was one of the decisive moral events of history. We all remember the hopes and expectations raised by the prophet-like utterances of the President.

> Never a philosopher held such weapons wherewith to bind the princes of this world. How the crowds of the European capitals pressed about the carriage of the President! And the disallusion that was to follow so quickly! What had happened to the President? What weakness or what misfortune had led to so extraordinary, so unlooked for a betrayal?
>
> Yet the causes were very ordinary and human.
>
> * * * Day after day and week after week, he allowed himself to be closeted, unsupported, unadvised and alone, with men much sharper than himself, in situations of supreme difficulty, where he needed for success every description of resource, fertility and knowledge.

President Wilson allowed himself to be persuaded that black was white to such an extent that when Lloyd George, desiring at the last moment all the moderation he dared, tried to talk the President back again into some of his old positions, he found

> that it was harder to de-bamboozle this old Presbyterian that it had been to bamboozle him; for the former involved his belief in and respect for himself. Thus in the last the President stood for stubbornness and a refusal of conciliations.

In all the criticisms of Keynes' book there is not one that has seriously attempted to rebut his evidence that the terms of the Peace Treaty mean the permanent economic ruin of Europe. He says:

> The policy of reducing Germany to servitude for a generation, of degrading the lives of millions of human beings, and of depriving a whole nation of happiness should be abhorrent and detestable—abhorrent and detestable, even if it were possible, even if it enriched ourselves, even if it did not sow the decay of the whole civilized life of Europe.

Mr. Keynes advocated a drastic revision of the Treaty so that the payment demanded of Germany shall be more in line with her ability to pay; the settlement of inter-ally indebtedness by the mutual cancellation of debts; an international loan and the reform of the currency; the lifting of the Allied blockade of Russia and the establishment of trade relationships with her. Speaking of an international loan, he says:

> If I had influence at the United States Treasury, I would not lend a penny to a single one of the present Governments of Europe. They are not to be trusted with resources which they would devote to the furtherance of policies in repugnance to which, in spite of the President's failure to assert either the might or the ideals of the United States, the Republican and the Democratic parties are probably united.

Mr. Keynes is not afraid of great revolutions overturning Europe in the next few years; he reads the signs of the times differently.

> There may be ahead of us a long, silent process of semi-starvation, and of a gradual, steady lowering of the standards of life and comfort. The bankruptcy and decay of Europe, if allowed to proceed, will affect everyone in the long run, but perhaps not in a way that is striking or immediate. For the immediate future events are taking charge, and the near destiny of Europe is no longer in the hands of any man. The events of the coming year will not be shaped by the deliberate acts of statesmen, but by the hidden currents, flowing continually beneath the surface of political history, of which no one can predict the outcome. In one way only can we influence these hidden currents—by setting in motion those forces of instruction and imagination which change *opinion*.

A great work lies ahead for all liberals and lovers of humanity in the work of getting the Treaty revised, and Mr. Keynes' book provides one with a veritable armory of facts. HARRY TAYLOR.

Do your duty, else no knowledge, beauty or love will ever lead you to the peace of God. He who says: "I may not be great, I may miss all peace, but I will be true," stands at the altar from which the divine benediction is ever pronounced.—*J. Ll. J.*

* "THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE PEACE." J. M. Keynes. *Harcourt, Brace and Howe.*

News from Europe

Franco-British Tension.

Not so very long ago we were told that we were fighting "to save democracy," "to make the world a better place to live in," that it was "a war to end war." Let us see how our expectations have been fulfilled. The following article from the *London Daily Herald* puts it before us very simply:

There is no disguising the fact that the relations between France and England have reached a stage of dangerous tension. Three factors have contrived together to produce this serious situation, which the more reactionary of the French newspapers are daily doing their utmost to aggravate. These factors are: First and most important, the Krassin negotiations, now proceeding in London; secondly, the disagreement over the nature and amount of the indemnity to be demanded of Germany at the coming conference at Spa; and, finally, the conflicting interests of France and England in Syria.

Concerning the Krassin negotiations, more deliberate perversions of the truth have been circulated in Paris even than in interested quarters in London. There is no doubt that Millerand himself is perfectly aware that Lloyd George has already safeguarded the interests of the great French financiers in Russia, and that the French Premier originally acquiesced in the conversations. This important information, however, is deliberately being withheld from the French public with the exception of the readers of the Socialist Press.

The question of the indemnity and the general disagreement among the Allies and America over the projected Spa proposals have only served to increase the already self-evident bitterness against both Great Britain and America, and the militarists and reactionaries are now leading a campaign against England.

Important statements on the Syrian question are expected from Millerand tomorrow morning, when he meets the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber. The report that the French troops are about to evacuate Cilicia has not deterred the politicians with financial interests in Asia Minor from discussing the advisability of a fresh expedition to Damascus.

Men Who Know War Hate It.

The fact that ex-service men are fully alive to the urgent need for the provisions of the League of Nations to become operative was shown yesterday by the demonstration held in support of the League of Nations Union by the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilized Soldiers and Sailors at the Albert Hall. The demonstrators marched to the Hall in procession, with the banners of the Federation. In the afternoon a conference was held and attended by 190 delegates, representing one million members.

Mr. T. F. Lister (president of the N. F. D. D. S. S.) presiding, declared that ex-service men who had fought in response to a call to support an ideal were aghast on their return to see the failure to realize the principles for which they fought and to find that those principles were regarded merely as phrases to be forgotten after having served their purpose.

"The man who knows most about war is the man most anxious to see war abolished," declared Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice. "The man who fought in the trenches, and saw his comrade smashed at his side, who has known the whole desolation of warfare, is the man who does not want any more war." It was about time that all the nonsense talked in the papers during the war about the men loving the trenches stopped.

"That publicity to foreign affairs would be one of the outcomes of the League of Nations was one of the things for which to be most thankful," declared Stephen Walsh, M. P. "Democracy would understand the diplomacy of the future, and if democracy carried out its responsibilities, then diplomacy would rest entirely with them."

Ex-Service Men's "Never Again."

Platform appeals at Plymouth in England in connection with the recruiting campaign for the Territorial Army have drawn a stinging reply from the local branch of the National Union of ex-Service Men. Their view, expressed by Mr. Hanson (propaganda secretary), is that the Government is using this scheme to get men into khaki and will later engage in a financial quarrel with another country, sending the citizen-soldiers forward to stop bullets for them. "We are out to fight militarism in every form," declare the men who have passed through the furnace and know what war means.

An Epidemic Among Cabinets.

An editorial in the *Manchester Guardian* says: "Late May and early June have been peculiarly fatal to European Cabinets. No fewer than five have resigned in Central Europe within the space of a few days. It may be mere coincidence. There are no common symptoms apparent to suggest an obvious diagnosis of this virulent epidemic. The Austrian Cabinet has fallen a victim to internal dissensions on the question of a capital levy; the Italian Cabinet was accused of excessive leniency towards the more revolutionary elements, and the Hungarian Government of just the contrary fault; while the German came in for attack from both directions at once. As for the war-logged Polish Administration, it would appear to have fallen, characteristically enough, on a point of etiquette. But, whatever the immediate causes of these accidents, they seem to have given rise everywhere to a political confusion so intense as to exclude all possibility of forecasting the personalities or the policy which are likely to emerge from it. The obvious conclusion is that the instability of government is itself no more than a symptom, and that there is something rotten in the very constitution of Europe at present. Owing to the objection in influential quarters to this Government because it is too 'Red,' and to that because it is too 'White,' conditions of life are imposed upon Europe in which no moderate Government stands any chance of survival. If all the circumstances in which the various countries were left by the Armistice are taken into account, perhaps the most successful achievements in reconstruction must be credited to the German Government. Yet that Government was palpably one of mediocrities. Is it this, one wonders, that made it by comparison efficient, keeping it out of the adventurous and barren schemes of the geniuses with which so many European Cabinets are burdened?"

To Make X-Rays Inocuous.

It is with a sigh of relief that we read of inventions not destined for destruction.

A discovery which promises to put an end to the dangers to life and limb risked by those engaged in working with X-rays was communicated to the Academy of Sciences the other day. It is the result of experiments by Dr. Pesch, of the Faculty of Montpelier, who himself is one of the sufferers from X-rays, and who has long been seeking the means of protecting his young confreres.

He found that deep red rays are antagonistic to the ultra-violet rays which produce irritation and burning of the skin, and certain oxidations.

Thus, by the simultaneous application of both rays, he hopes to secure immunity for X-ray workers. He has already proved that erythema can be prevented by the application of red rays.

Daniel Berthelot, who announced the discovery to the Academy, recalled that as long ago as 1872, the antagonism of extreme rays of the spectrum had been foreseen by Becquerel in his study on phosphorescence.

Talk Through Air.

"I have been sitting in a little hut in a field and talking to a man a thousand feet up in the air," writes a *Daily Herald* correspondent. "He had come by aeroplane from Waddon, near Croydon, and I was one of a party to whom the Marconi officials at Chelmsford were showing some of the latest miracles of wireless telephony. The airman and the operator in the hut had been in conversation ever since the machine rose 40 miles away.

"Our transmitter and receiver could be changed into the form of traveling trunks, and the slender masts outside could be taken down and carried away.

"The next step will be to connect the ordinary telephone with a wireless plant, and then we shall be able to sit in the *Daily Herald* office and talk through the air to New York."

Driverless Trains.

A train without driver, or conductor, guard or human passenger is the latest labor saving device projected by the British government post office. Tenders have already been invited, and it is estimated that the time saved in letter delivery will be enormous.

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

NEWS NOTES ON BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

B. W. Huebsch.

Those who believe that the way out of present industrial complexities is through fellowship rather than through inevitable class struggle will find a glowing statement of the faith that is in them in George Lansbury's "These Things Shall Be," just published by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., 5,000 copies of the book were sold in England before publication. Perhaps no one since John Bright has occupied the same place in English life that George Lansbury does. At one time a member of the House of Commons, the editor of the London Daily Herald, not the least effective inspiration in the famous Minority Report of the Poor Law Commission, he has a singularly varied ability. He has been the friend and opponent of such diverse figures as Lloyd George and Lord Hugh Cecil. He was primarily responsible for the Marconi inquiry. He battled relentlessly for the suffrage cause in the House of Commons, and out of it. The poor law school at Shenfield for which he is responsible is a remarkable example of what humanity can do for a complex administrative problem. He is as greatly respected among the intellectuals of London as he is worshipped among the workingmen of Bromley-by-Bow. "These Things Shall Be," his new book, is a book of Hope—not, however, the optimism that cries "Peace" when there is no peace. Mr. Lansbury has shared too intimately the sufferings of the East End of London to take a rose-colored view of the world. Nevertheless, his faith in the ultimate triumph of justice and fellowship is unshaken by the frankest recognition of difficulties and disappointments.

Free milk, prison reform and the eight-hour law for women came as the result of three famous poems: Elizabeth Browning's "Bitter Cry of the Children," started agitation for the first, Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol" focussed public opinion on the second, and Thomas Hood's "Song of the Shirt" which went like wild fire over England, printed on pocket handkerchiefs and sung by strolling players, prepared the way for reform measures in the field of a sweated industry. Another poem of this kind is William Ellery Leonard's "Lynching Bee," which together with other poems is being published this month by B. W. Huebsch, Inc. Leonard uses colloquial language and striking rhythms in his picture of the negro in contemporary America.

When Elizabeth Barrett Browning's baby was born she received a maternity endowment of 100 pounds a year as a gift from a well-disposed cousin, a bachelor. But most babies are not so fortunate, and those who arrive as a 7th or 8th edition to the family problems are most unfortunate in these days in the struggle with the standard of living. In her preface to the English sociologists' report entitled "The Endowment of Motherhood" to be published next week by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., Katharine Anthony points out that all classes of mothers in America are faced with this problem of maintenance. The figures collected on this subject show that a woman in a workingman's family spends almost as much as her husband at the time of marriage, but that with each additional child she cuts down on her clothing and personal necessities. The report also discusses the question of equal pay for equal work.

One genius seldom has time or inclination to write of another. Maxim Gorki is an exception to this. In his "Reminiscences of Tolstoy," now appearing serially in The Freeman and to be brought out in book form by B. W. Huebsch, Inc., in the fall, conversations and incidents that occurred at the Tolstoy estate at Gaspar in the Crimea are told with such vividness as to throw light on some of the most obscure sayings of the great Russian. "Knowing our fatal fondness for mysticism which comes from the Oriental in our blood, he wished to die as a martyr in order to give his doctrines greater weight," Gorki concludes in describing his friend's flight from home across the snowy steppes and his spectacular death. These are the only intimate pictures on record of the great novelist. Romain Rolland, writing from France, says nothing more notable and gives no such brilliant picture or analysis. Tolstoy's remarks on women, dreams, fellow artists, property, peasants and the possibility of a new social order are carefully recorded.

UNITY is a weekly paper which for forty-two years, under the editorship of Jenkin Lloyd Jones, upheld the fundamental principles of religion, political economy, and social relations; and this policy is maintained under the new editors, John Haynes Holmes and Francis Neilson. During the War UNITY was steadfast to the cause of righteousness and good will among the peoples of the earth. It has constantly dealt with the grave economic and political problems of Europe and the rest of the world in a straightforward unflinching manner, and it has from time to time published information of deep interest to its readers with which no other paper in the United States has dealt. It is non-sectarian. It advocates free religion and equal opportunity, as the means of uniting all peoples in the bonds of fellowship and amity. UNITY seeks to direct the minds of its readers to all that is best in the world of thought as expressed in the literature of the day, and its literary reviews are not the least valuable part of the several departments which its staff conducts from week to week. There are men and women of international renown writing for its columns and its subscribers are to be found in all the important countries of the world.

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VACATIONS FOR FACTORY WORKERS.

Vacations with full pay for factory workers are being given in an increasing number of industries, according to the results of a questionnaire recently sent out by the Industrial Relations Association of America. The association received 106 replies from a wide range of industries scattered throughout the country. Thirty-eight concerns reported giving factory workers vacations with pay, twenty-one gave vacations without pay and forty-seven gave no vacations. However, nearly one-half of these forty-seven reported that they were considering the question of giving vacations. Seven firms solved the problem of vacations by closing down entirely for one or two weeks. The slack season, mainly in July, August and September, was chosen by many for vacation periods. In one organization Christmas week was vacation week. In another the workers were allowed to name their own time during the fall, winter or spring months. In one or two cases one week's vacation was given with pay and one week without. In several instances workers were allowed to take a vacation without pay if they so desired, the time being fixed through conference with the department head.—*The Survey.*

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